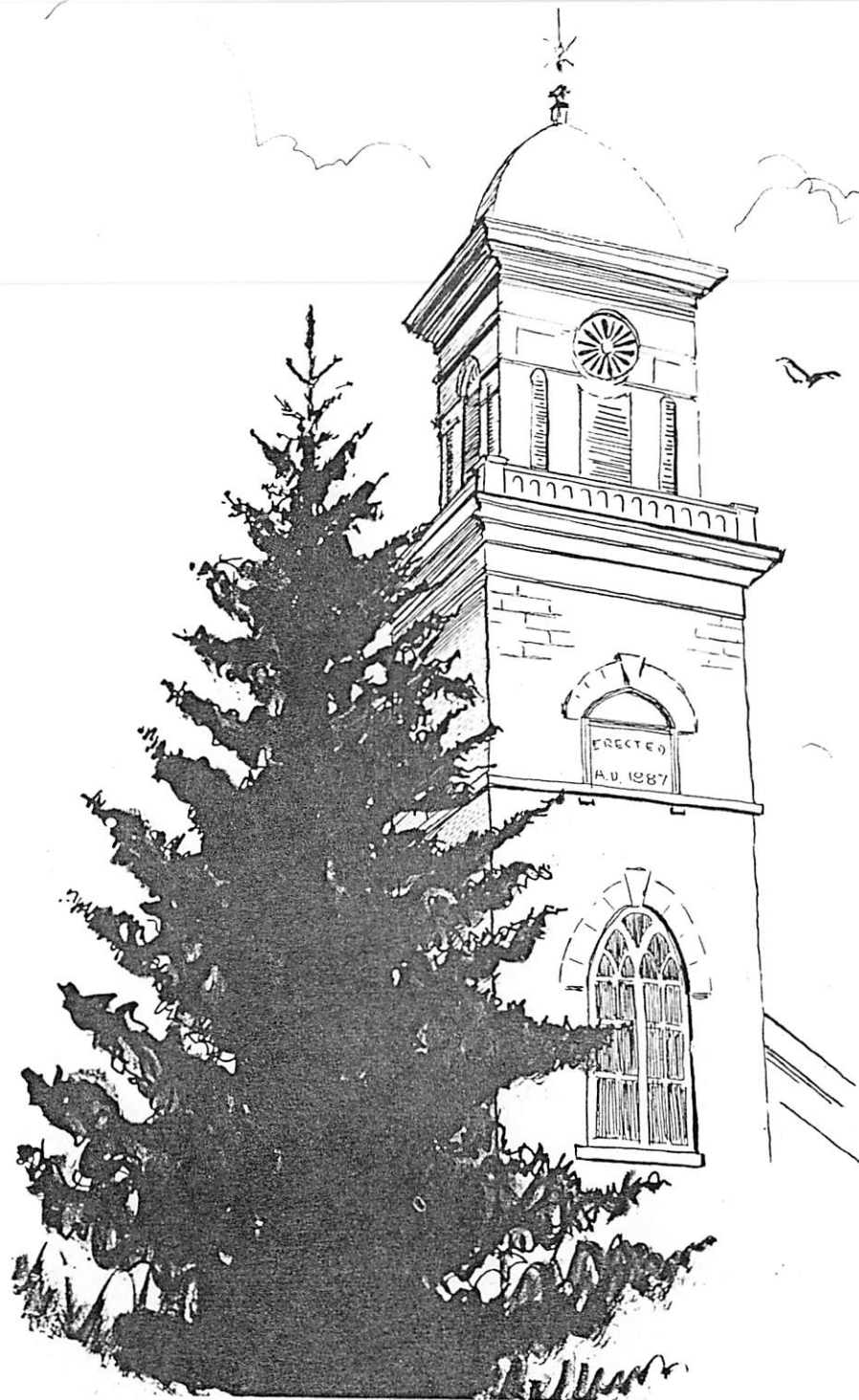


The dignified old Wasatch Stake Tabernacle at Heber hasn't yet been acquired for a community hall but it is already serving for that purpose. Winning MIA "road show" teams at the competitions in Salt Lake last weekend will present a benefit at the tabernacle Wednesday, June 23, at 8:30, under Stan Russon's direction.

The drive to save the landmark is reaching heroic proportions. May the performance this week become an annual event.

1965 June 21/2 Dick



23 June 1965

PROGRAM  
HEBER CITY TABERNACLE  
Wednesday, June 23, 8:30 p.m.

M.I.A. JUNE CONFERENCE ROAD SHOWS  
Stanley Russon as Master of Ceremonies

- “HOW NOW WOW CHOW” ..... Beverly Rowland, Director  
Emigration Stake Nonnie Sorensen, Composer  
and accompanist
- “PHANTOM OF THE HIGH SEAS” ..... Maxine Davis, Director  
Butler Stake
- “BEST OF THE BARD” ..... Elaine Bennett, Director  
Hillside Stake
- VOCAL TRIO ..... Mrs. Jane Hatch Jordan  
Will furnish entertainment Francine Henniger  
during stage changes Marilyn Thompson  
Mrs. Margaret McQuarrie, accompanist

HELP SAVE THE HEBER TABERNACLE

Please Credit \$.....

To The

“SAVE THE HEBER  
TABERNACLE FUND”

Mail to . . . .  
First Security Bank of Heber, Heber City, Utah

THE TABERNACLE SPEAKS

by Orma Wellengren

Old friend, old pine,  
Keening with your needled arms outspread  
Against the sky,  
Weep for me.

We grew together.  
You watched, a seedling, while my rosy walls  
Of Lake Creek ledges took their shape  
And proudly stretched to hold  
The spare wings of my roof.

My windows, vaulting silver-thin,  
Let the flowing seasons in.  
The pricket of my tower threatened to impale  
The clouds.

Neighbor, from your rooted hearth  
You saw my varnished doors swing wide.  
Apostle Lyman stood inside  
And every head was bowed and bare  
And all of me was hallowed there:  
Timber and buttresses,  
Pillars and galleries,  
Rock and mortar,  
Paint and woodwork,  
Each nail was blessed.

And I served.  
Within my walls they prayed for rain:  
The sunburned men with hardened necks,  
Strong women, steady-eyed.  
They met to sing, to laugh, to mourn.  
Their echoes rang for eighty years.

I sheltered birds: swallows with inverted wings  
Sliced the air about my head  
And Pasted mud to my railings.  
Mice on desperate errands  
Scurried at my feet,  
And a lonely cat  
Nursed her litter near my heart.

Now your once-slender shadow  
Bulges about your feet,  
And I am old.  
My steps sag under the shoes of generations,  
My ceiling is worn with amens,  
My hinges ache.  
At conference-time  
The faithful press the walls  
And shift their weight on weary feet  
And strain to hear above the restless wailing  
Of a child.

Old friend, old pine,  
Protesting vainly in the stubborn wind,  
Weep for me.  
I have served with love,  
Yet they wait with sharpened axes.

And I long to live, bridging the future  
With the past.